The Renowned History

of

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

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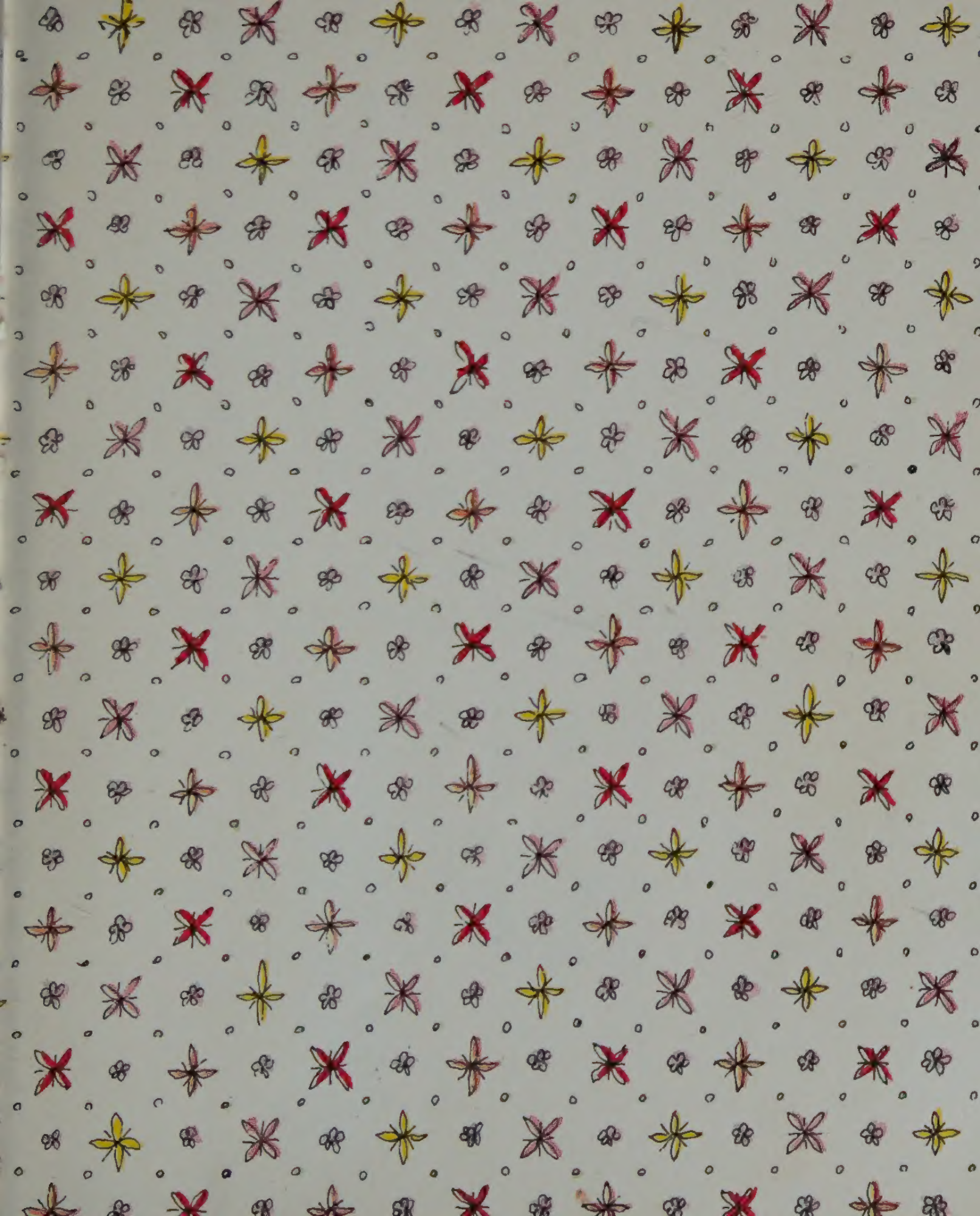

The Renowned History of LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

The Renowned History of LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian

Thomas Y. Crowell Company New York

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The illustrator is grateful to Miss Elisabeth Ball from whose collection of children's books the text of this book came. The illustrator also thanks The Pierpont Morgan Library for help and encouragement.

I

There dwelt in a cottage which stood on the green,
As sweet a creature as ever was seen;
With goodness, and beauty, and modesty crown'd,
Belov'd and esteem'd by the neighbours all round.
Her tender, kind Grandmamma nurs'd her
with care,
And bought her one day, at a neighbouring fair,
A nice little *Hood*, which you here may behold,
Quite *red*, I assure you, to keep her from cold.

II

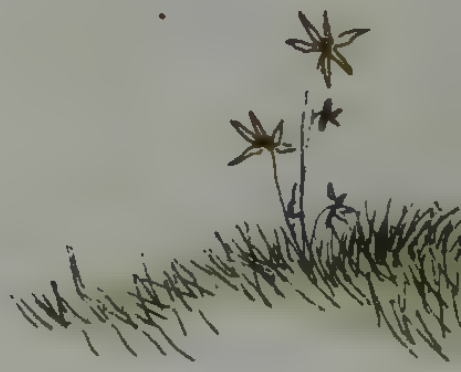
The folks of the village to see her soon came,
And *Little Red Riding-hood* call'd her by name;
She look'd in this garment so spruce and so tight,
They view'd her again and again with delight.
Her mother one day to this little maid said,
"My dear, your poor Grandmamma lies
sick in bed;
She wants some refreshment, I wish you to take
These cheese-cakes and butter to her for my sake."

III

Now Little Red Riding-hood always obey'd
Her mother's commands, and observ'd
what she said.
The basket she took, and then briskly set out,
To see her sick Grandmamma anxious, no doubt.
But lo! As she pass'd by the skirt of a wood
A Wolf quite ferocious and famish'd there stood,
Who mark'd the poor innocent child with his eye
But dreaded some wood-cutters working hard by.

IV

He lurk'd in the footpath which she had to pass,
And slily address'd her—"My sweet little lass,
Pray where are you going so snug and so warm?"
Now Little Red Riding-hood dreaded no harm,
And quickly replied—"In this basket I've got
A nice pot of butter, and cheese-cakes quite hot,
A present for Grandmamma, feeble and old,
Now sick and confin'd to her bed with a cold."



V

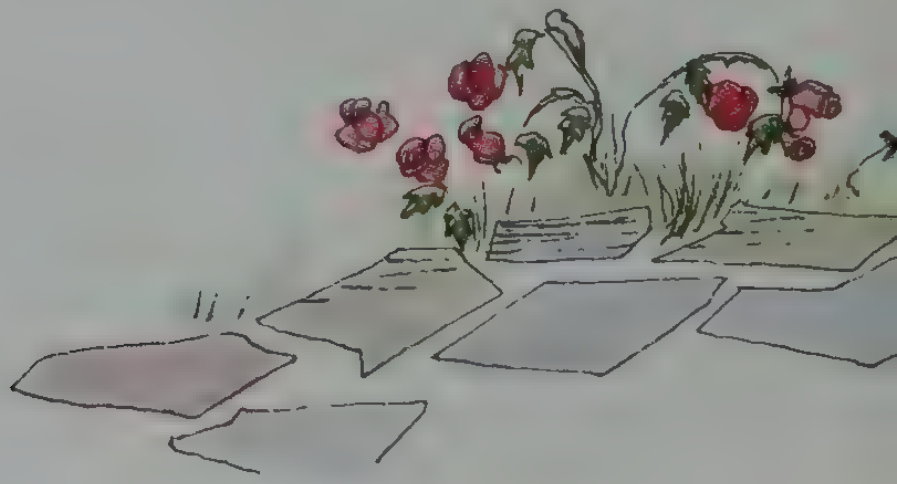
"And where does she live (he then ask'd),
pretty dear?"
She answer'd at once without caution or fear,
"O 'tis a good way, when you pass yonder mill
The very first house on the side of the hill."
"Very well," said the Wolf, "suppose I should try
Who first shall arrive there, my dear, you or I."
And thus having spoke, he then took a short way,
And scamper'd before her without more delay.

VI

But while this rude monster proceeded so fast,
The innocent creature pick'd nuts as she past,
In chase of a butterfly often was seen,
And collected some flowers which grew on the green,
Which bound in a nosegay so blooming and bright,
She hop'd would soon give her dear Granny delight;
For she, who was always so kind and so good,
With pride would receive it from Red Riding-hood.

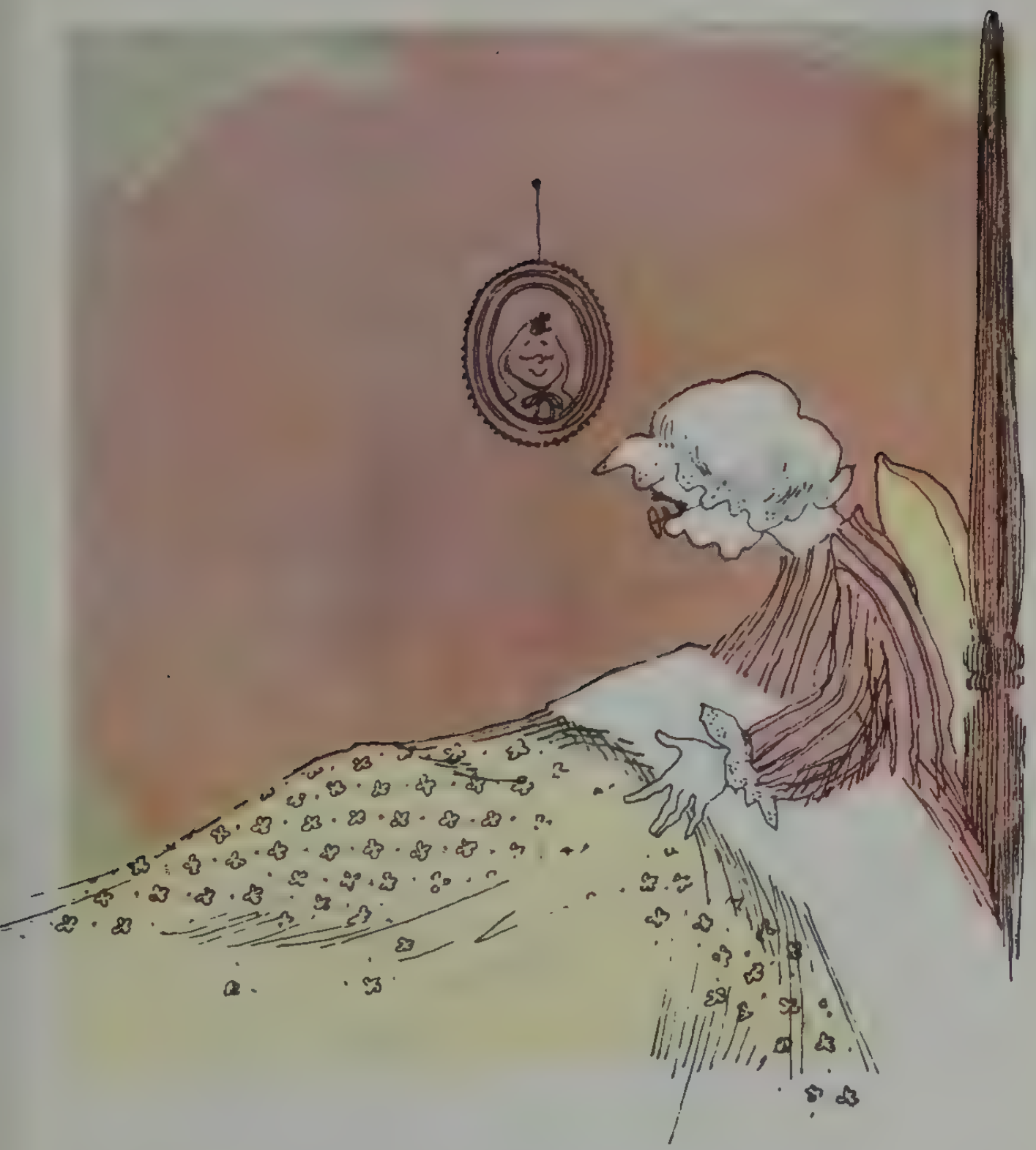
VII

Mean while the grim Wolf, who had
scamper'd before,
Arriv'd in a heat at her Grandmamma's door,
And scarcely arrived when *tap! tap!* did begin,
"Who's there," said the feeble old woman within.
The Wolf in a counterfeit voice did reply,
" 'Tis little Red Riding-hood, Granny, 'tis I—
Mamma sent me here, in a basket I've got
A nice pot of butter, and cheese-cakes quite hot."



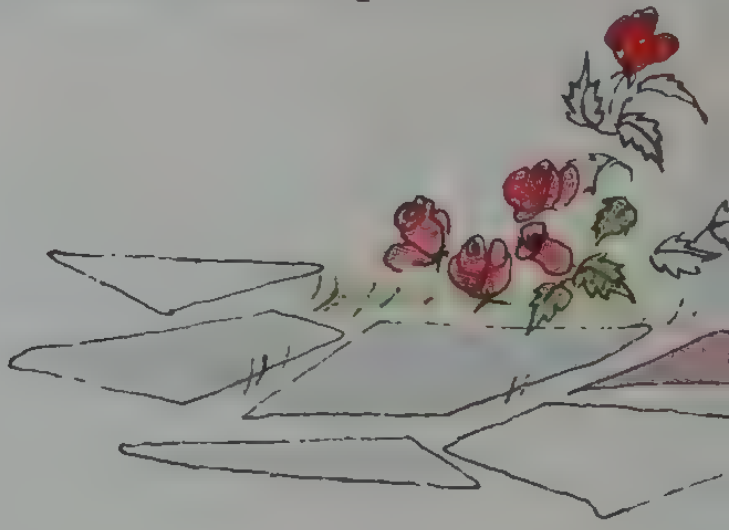
VIII

"Pull the bobbin, my dear (old Grandmamma said),
For I am unable to rise out of bed;
The latch will go up, and open the door."
The Wolf pull'd the bobbin, and jump'd on the floor;
With hunger quite famish'd he'd fasted three days,
His appetite now he resolv'd to appease,
And seizing poor Granny, who screamed
with affright,
He quickly devour'd her quite out of sight.



IX

The rogue shut the door and lay down in the bed,
And cover'd the blankets quite over his head.
With a tap, tap, tap, Little Red Riding-hood came:
"Who's there?" said the Wolf (as if 'twas the
good dame).
The voice made her start, but she soon did reply,
" 'Tis Little Red Riding-hood, Granny, 'tis I—
Mamma sent me here, in a basket I've got
A nice pot of butter, and cheese-cakes quite hot."



X

The Wolf in his heart now began to rejoice,
While softly he spoke in a counterfeit voice:
"Pull the bobbin, my dear, the latch will then rise,
And come here to bed, for the light hurts my
eyes."
Now Little Red Riding-hood did as he said,
She enter'd the cottage and hasten'd to bed.
But soon when she felt the rough Wolf's hairy
hide,
Quite struck with amazement and wonder, she
cried,

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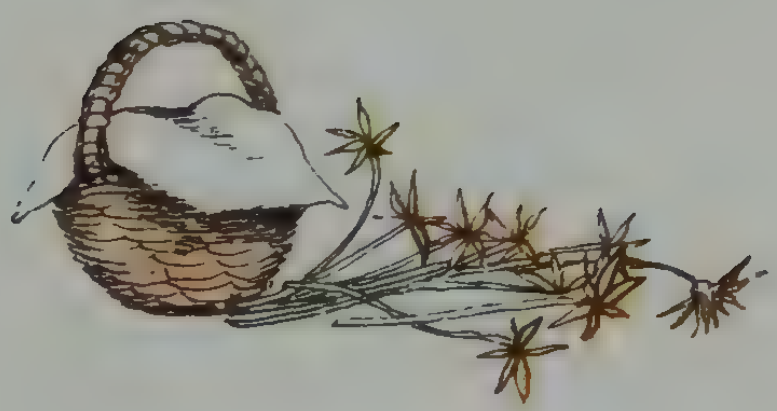
"O Grandmamma dear! you have got such long
arms!"
The Wolf said, "My love, they'll protect you
from harms."
"But O! what long ears you have got, Granny dear!"
"The better," he said, "your sweet accents to hear."
"And O! Grandmamma, you have got such
large eyes!"
"The better to see you, my love," he replies.
"And O! what long teeth!" she exclaim'd in
affright:
"The better to eat you"—he said with delight.
And so without further delay or advice,
Ate Little Red Riding-hood up in a trice.

MORAL

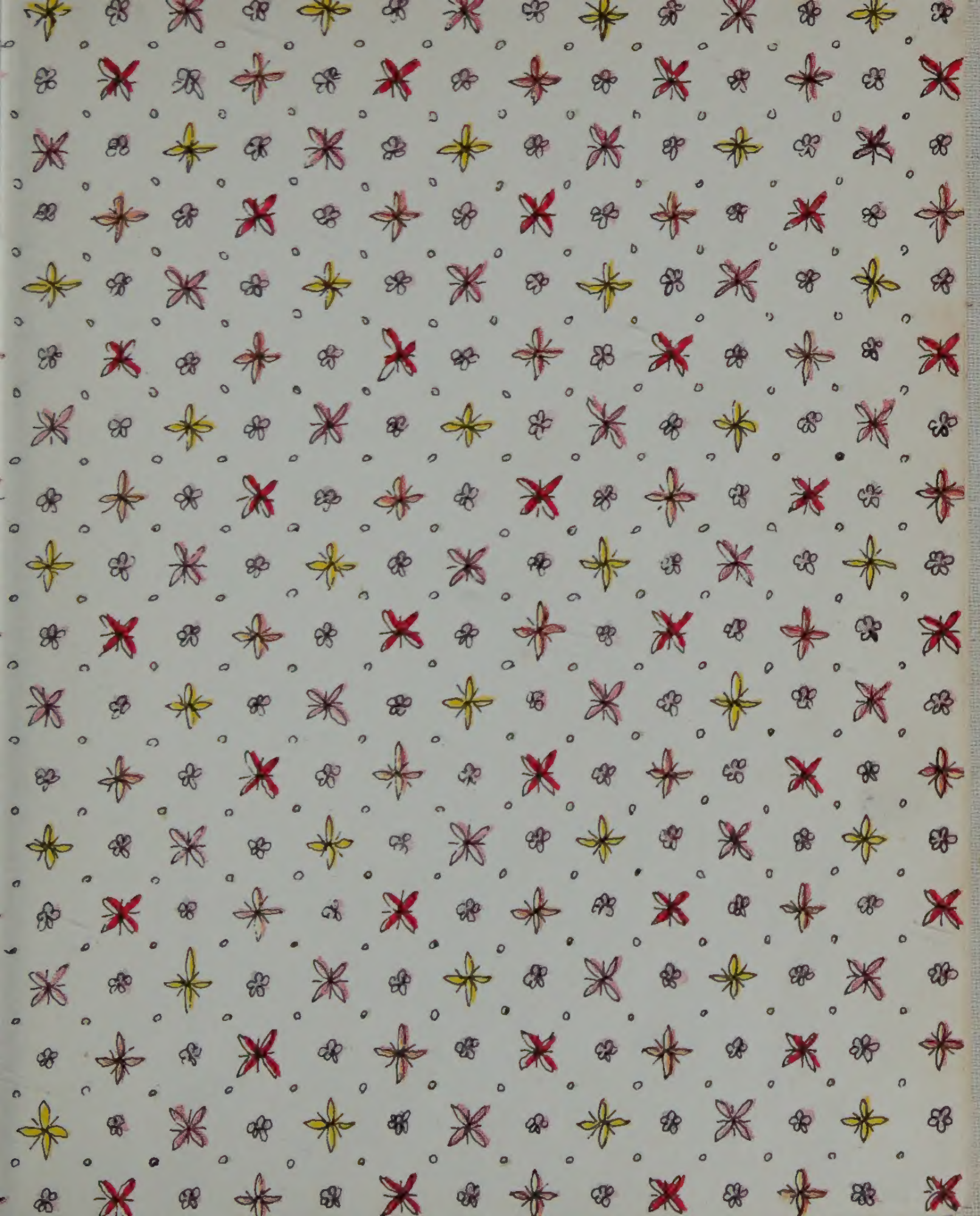
This Story demonstrates that children discreet
Should never confide in each stranger they meet;
For often a Knave, in an artful disguise,
Will mark out an innocent prey for his prize:
Take warning, dear Children, before 'tis too late,
By Little Red Riding-hood's tragical fate.



ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Nonny Hogrogian is well known for her ability to use a variety of techniques in her illustrations for children's books. She is equally at home working with woodcuts, oil wash, water colors, pen-and-ink drawings, and etchings. In 1966 she was awarded the Caldecott Medal for her illustrations in the picture book *Always Room for One More.*

Miss Hogrogian was born in New York City. She received a B.A. degree from Hunter College; she studied woodcutting and painting at the New School for Social Research, and graphics and weaving at the Haystack (Maine) Mountain School of Crafts.



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